

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Flight of Years.

The flight of years
Bears on its wings all earthly hopes and joys,
And fear, and sorrow that the heart annoys,
And all our tears!

Deep in the grave
Is buried many a noble, loving heart,
With whom we've seen domestic bliss depart,
Which naught could save!

Departed year!
Much hast thou added to the sum of woe,
We poor ephemera of earth must know
While lingering here!

But still remains
The lofty soul, aspiring yet to know
More than the earth can offer or bestow
On mortal pains.

Thrice blessed power!
The power to elevate the soaring mind,
To leave the earth and all its crimes behind,
In wisdom's hour!

The grovelling love
Of wealth—of fame—of any earthly goal—
Is all unworthy of the noble soul
That looks above!

Hail to ye, friends!
The blest associates of full many a year!
Your silent voice is still to me most dear,
And wisdom lends.

Dark slander's sting—
The noise of faction, or the din of war,
Like lightning, on the iceberg, cannot mar
The peace ye bring.

O gift profound!
The tree of knowledge Heav'n vouchsafes to man!
What can compare, since first young Time began
His ceaseless round.

The soul expands,
Fed on its fruit, and leaves the world behind,
And, like a meteor on the viewless wind,
Seeks brighter lands!

Use of Reason.

"To all that breathe the air of heaven
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull
She fenced with wreathed horns his skull:
A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And winged the timorous hare with speed;
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove
She plumed the warbling world of love:
To man she gave in that proud hour—
The boon of intellectual power."

Thus modern poesy reads the sweet music of the Teian bard in praise of reason. The boon of intellectual power!—far above all price and excelling every other gift. The grand distinguishing mark of humanity, whose unfailing temper can turn aside every hostile weapon, whose brightness may flash its terror into the eyes of all that rise against its possessor and force them to bow before his superior prowess. With it he can outstrip the eagle in swiftness and make the various parts of creation subserve his interest and increase his power. The trackless regions of the air present no obstacle that can impede his daring flight; he sails along the broad expanse without fear, soars away from mortal sight, and between heaven and earth seems to exercise a monarchical authority on all around him.

The secrets of Nature unfold their ponderous portals to the "open sesame" of his mind; in his regard the fabled sacks of Ulysses seem to borrow the semblance of truth. With form erect he scans the earth and the heavens, and whether he probes the hidden wonders of the former or roams amidst the countless worlds that ever circle in the latter, he sees naught that can elude his understanding or defy the powers of his soul. The earth on which he dwells submits to his analysis and brings its multiplied treasures to supply his wants or contribute to his enjoyment. The very elements own the force of his reason, and, whether for good or for evil, lend him the assistance of their powerful influence. What an exalted station does he not occupy? How sublime is his portion on the earth! Nothing that breathes, lives or exists can escape the penetrating acumen that ennobles his soul; all is manifested to his view; all is grasped by the giant nature that lifts him so far above everything that surrounds him. But this is the barrier he must not pass. So far light and conviction may accompany his steps, so far may he trace his power and claim authority. Beyond the limits of mortality it is not permitted him to travel with reason for his ruler. As long

as the truths of another and a better world are not to be examined, reason is a good guide; the moment it approaches these limits, its light is eclipsed, its power becomes palsied, the brightness and acuteness of its perceptions are dimmed and lost. Its empire is limited to mortality; its sway ends with the universe; its sceptre is resigned to religion when it extends its march beyond this perishable existence. So sings the poet; so reason itself teaches.

"Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Nor light us here, so reason's glimmering ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those mighty tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
So pale grows reason at religion's sight,
So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light."

But though its reign be limited by this world and its wonders, and ceases as soon as it comes to religion, it still attends us, even in that elevated sphere. The mysteries that are there presented to our consideration, the astonishing phenomena, defy the scrutiny of sense and bid us bow in humble submission before truths that we cannot measure, are not opposed to reason, nor do they destroy any truth that right reason acknowledges. They are beyond, above its power, it is true; they are too lofty for its reach, but that is simply because they are infinite and man's intellect is finite. It is not at all surprising that before truths of this nature reason holds its peace and becomes a respectful listener. Such should always be the case; we should listen and learn, not examine and be confounded: we should be humble and fear, that the majesty of the subject might not overwhelm us with its brightness and lightning-like blast us into utter darkness. "The searcher of majesty," says the word of divine wisdom, "shall be oppressed with glory."

Elated by the wonderful prospects presented by the operations of human reason, and intoxicated by the giddy elevation to which they are raised, some think that such an excellent gift could not be bestowed upon man to be used only in a limited manner. From the consideration of the world, which they can almost fathom, as not altogether beyond the power of the soul, they argue that everything proposed to man must be subjected to the influence of reason. To know that it is proposed and that it is not contradictory of any one truth on which reason has set her seal of approbation, must certainly be conceded; but to understand how it is, to comprehend it in all its minutest parts, and to be able to explain everything regarding it, especially in religious matters, no one ought for a moment to suppose to be man's province. Reason deals with facts, not with the manner or cause of those facts. Let it tell, if it can, the *how* or *wherefore* of the simplest natural phenomenon; describe to us *how* and *why* an acorn becomes an oak, *how* and *why* ideas start up in our mind, and it may then claim a right to do the same in the truths of religion. But as long as it is ignorant in those, and finds all the subtlety of its inquiries baffled even in its own dominion, it is not to be expected that those of a superior authority can be brought within its power. The most that human reason can do in regard to religious mysteries is to illustrate them by comparisons drawn from its own resources, to satisfy the mind that they are real revelations and no imposition,

and then humbly bow down in adoration before them. Vainly would it endeavor to comprehend them; vainly would it strive to see the invisible, to search the unsearchable, to describe the ineffable. Language is too deficient, human penetration too limited, mortal sight too dim, human intellect too narrow to embrace the mysterious wonders revealed to us through religion. A child endeavoring to measure the sea with a shell is a fit emblem of man's efforts to understand the length and breadth, the height and depth of the Infinite and His wondrous works. Reaching out too far and too long, the narrow partition that separates reason from insanity would be broken down and darkness and vacancy, as sad experience often proves, would be the merited punishment of the rash adventurer. Even in the fables of the pagans, the rash Semele, when favored with the vision of the beauty and godlike majesty of her immortal lover, trembled aghast, overpowered by the effulgence that beamed from his eyes, and sank to the ground a blackened and putrid corpse. What other termination could be divined for such a sacrilegious desire? "None ever saw God and lived:" and yet proud reason would fain comprehend His infinite perfections, would fain subject to its own slender capacity the immeasurable grandeur that elevates the Creator far above His creature! Foolish, insensate wish! That Being whom man would bring down to a level with himself, or rather whom he desires to make his inferior, smiles at the futile efforts to reach His throne. Far beyond the outermost limits of man's contemplation He reigns Supreme Master of the Universe, and haughty and aspiring as we may be, if we have not the humility to bow before Him, yet we *must* stand subject to His high behests, ever ready to execute His will. He is no tyrant indeed; but "He gives not His glory to another." He is no cruel master who stands with ever-uplifted scourge over his unhappy victim unmindful of the clanking iron that daily pierces the heart and steals away the enjoyment of life; He is Master, it is true, but kind and benignant, ever ready to comfort the miserable, always prompt to succor the needy and give new zest to the enjoyments of the happy. But as Monarch of the universe and Lord of creation, He exacts His rights of all His subjects, and these rights are, an humble submission to His power, the adoration of His perfections, and a love for His beneficence and amiability.

What an inexplicable mystery is man! Elevated above the rest of creation, he either strives to soar beyond the sphere allotted for the exercise of his faculties, or, foolishly despairing of his exaltation, he grovels like an un-beast animal in the mire of his own imaginings. He searches for joy and pleasure everywhere but where he may find it. "*Nititur in vetitum*," we may sing with the Venusian bard; we strive after what is forbidden.—Too truly is this abuse exemplified in all his pursuits but in none more so than in the reasoning faculties. Ever since that fatal moment when our common mother reached forth her hand to the fatal tree, "whose taste brought death into the world with all our woes," he seems to have been continually stretching out his hand to every forbidden pursuit. Nature and the working of her mysterious laws are not enough to satisfy the curiosity that is continually longing for the knowledge of good and evil. It is perhaps the punishment as well as the consequence of this abuse of reason that evil preponderates, and what will be the result? Alas! the numbers of once bright intellects daily consigned the numerous insane asylums throughout the

land give us a melancholy answer. Of how many may we say with the poet,

"With a spirit tempered like a god's
He was sent blindfold upon a path of light,
And turned aside and perished! Oh! how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird, that hath outflown
His strength, upon the sea, ambition-wrecked—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest."

College Gossip.

—And there are college papers benighted enough to uphold the practice of hazing.—*Cornell Era*.

—The *Amherst Student* wants the trustees of that institution to establish a musical professorship.—*Era*.

—The disease prevailing in the Iowa Medical College is now admitted to be small-pox. If an institution of that character is ravaged by this disease, how can we visit reproaches for its prevalence upon those who have neither the knowledge nor the means to avoid it.—*Watertown Gazette*.

—The foreign religious press chronicle the generosity of an anonymous personage who has made the Catholic University of Lille a donation of 100,000 francs for the foundation of new chair in the school of medicine. This chair, in commemoration of the late canonization, is entitled the Professorship of St. Benedict Labre.

—The last number of the *Acta* fairly bristled with sarcasm on the N. Y., *Sun* and abuse of its literary taste. The cause of the explosion was a severe criticism in the *Sun* of a certain sentimental, rather "gushy" sonnet on love and the tender passions, that appeared in a late number of the *Acta*.—*Harvard Daily Herald*.

—Four students at Waconia, Wis., stole a farmers gate. The college faculty condemned them to expulsion or the alternation of whatever punishment the farmer might inflict. He sentenced them to chop four cords of his own wood and deliver it to a poor widow. They did it to the music of a band and the plaudits of a crowd that watched the operation.

—The *Harvard Daily Herald* says that a lady teacher of phonography in Boston thinks seriously of delivering a lecture called "A Practical Talk on Phonography" before the students at Harvard college. It seems to us there should be enough of the male element among phonographers to attend to the male educational institutions.

—The Freshmen of Brown University, in Providence, ordered their annual dinner of a caterer, and prepared to have an elaborately good time, including speeches and songs. At the time appointed, they marched in procession to the dining-hall, with banners flying and appetites sharp. They found the tables littered with scanty remnants of the feast, which had been eaten by the Sophomores who had imposed themselves on the caterer, and induced him to get the dinner ready an hour earlier.—*Ea*.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

I

A not-back-on-time young man,
A just-missed-the-train young man,
A been-on-a-bust-ery,
Spent-all-his-dustery,
Had-a-good-time young man.

II

A want-to-stay-over, young man,
A telegraph down, young man,
An inwardly swearing,
Angry-look wearing,
Faculty-cussing young man.

—*Williams Athenæum*.

A VACATION PASTORAL.

(A FACT)

'Twas a night of the Christmas vacation;
I was home for the holiday cheer,
And accepted a kind invitation
To dance out the dying old year.

My opera hat, tie, and collar
From college of course I brought down;
And I knew that my coat, which was "swaller,"
Would astonish the youth of the town.

Miss Bridget, the queen of the kitchen,
Was fresh from the Emerald Isle;
'Twas fit she should see how bewitching
I looked in my elegant style.

So down the back stairs I went, for her
My swell Harvard costume to note;
But she cried when she saw me, "Begorra!
Mister George, where's the rest of yer coat."

—*Ez*.

Exchanges.

—We have not seen *The Oracle* this year. Has it departed this life? We do not like to take it off our Ex-list for fear of a mistake, as last year's editors of that paper asked the favor of an exchange. When a paper has become defunct, some one at the college should notify its exchanges.

—*The Century Magazine* may now be considered fairly started on its way under the new name, and with the February (Midwinter) number, and the adoption of the new cover-design by Elihu Vedder, the name of *Scribner's Monthly* will no longer be continued as the sub-title. Since the change of name there has been a decided increase in the sale of recent numbers of this magazine. The average edition during the last year of *Scribner's Monthly* was 120,000, while of the first four numbers of *The Century* it has been more than 132,000. Of December, a new edition of 9,000 was printed, and a new edition of the January issue is now called for. In England, 20,500 copies of November were sold, against an average of 16,230 for the twelve months preceding. The recent growth of *St. Nicholas* in England has been even greater in proportion; for while 3,000 copies were sufficient there a year ago, 8,000 and 10,000 copies are now needed every month. The publishers are printing 135,000 copies of the Midwinter *Century*, which will be issued on the 21st instant.

—In an article on Handel in *Church's Musical Visitor* for January, the editor says that this great composer is known chiefly as the author of "The Messiah." His fame rests almost exclusively upon his sacred works. "It is not generally known," he adds, "that he wrote operas at all, yet he composed 44 of them. Well, the reputation of being the author of 'The Messiah' is enough for one man anyway. If Handel had written nothing else, it could not be said of him that he lived in vain. His name and his fame shall be known and honored as long as the lofty subject of which he sings finds a place in the affections of mankind. Yet the inscription which the great master caused to be put upon the cover of his harpsichord reads as follows: 'SIC TRANSIT GLORIA MUNDI.'" The works of this great composer are enumerated as follows: "Handel wrote forty-four Operas, viz.: Thirty-nine Italian, four German, one English. Of Oratorios, he composed twenty-two, viz.: nineteen English, two Italian, one German. Five Te Deums, seven Psalms, twenty Anthems. A large number of miscellaneous sacred and secular music, such as motets, hymns, etc., besides several notable works to which he gave the name of 'Serenatas' ('Acis and Galatea' being of this class). To all this is to be added about one hundred and fifty cantatas, and the following instrumental music: Thirty-five organ concertos, six organ fugues, about twenty-five sonatas, together with a large number of compositions denominated water music, forest music, fireworks music, etc."

—The incidents narrated in "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," by Harry M. Kieffer, now running as a serial in *St. Nicholas*, have called forth letters from veterans in various parts of the country who saw or took part in them, and all of whom attest the accuracy of Mr. Kieffer's descriptions. His account in the January number of the battle of Gettysburg, and the mention therein of the capture and recapture of the colors of the 149th Pennsylvania Regiment in a hand-to-hand fight, has brought to the editor the following letter:

"FORT WAYNE, IND., January 4, 1882.

"TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS:—Will you please send me Mr. Harry Kieffer's address. I was sergeant in Company F of the 150th Bucktails (P. V.), and I can testify to the accuracy of his 'Recollections.'

"I headed that squad of men who recaptured the 149th colors, but I was badly wounded through the head just before I reached them, and I was left on the field for dead.

Very respectfully,

"JOHN C. KENSILL,

"Late Sergeant Co. F, 150th P. V. (Bucktails)."

It is worthy of note in connection with this incident, and as a remarkable turn in the kaleidoscope of affairs, that the artist who is illustrating these "Recollections" served throughout the war on the Confederate side, that his regiment was immediately opposed to Mr. Kieffer's at Gettysburg, and that he witnessed the scrimmage for the colors so graphically described in the text. It is indeed a strange coincidence that two soldiers of the opposing armies should, only eighteen years later, be coupled as author and illustrator of an account of the very battle in which they fought against each other, when the ranks were often not a stone's-throw apart. "We were near enough to each other then," said the artist grimly, while recurring to the battle-day, in the office of *St. Nicholas*,—"you might say across the fence from each other, and rather too near for comfort"; and he heartily assented to a remark of the publisher that "the kind of cuts he was making now was much better than those he made then." The only fault Mr. Kieffer's correspondents find with his narrative is its modest failure to do justice to his own very creditable share in the events described. For his army career was not merely that of a drummer-boy; and other good authorities ascribe to him a gallantry and faithfulness which he chooses to forget in his own narrative. His "Recollections," moreover, evince the true generosity of a good soldier. Though pervaded by the spirit of the army to which he belonged, they contain nothing to awaken or foster a sectional spirit in any part of the country. But as a picture of the realities of camp and battle-field, they have hardly been surpassed. The succeeding chapters, it is announced, will be fully equal in interest to any already published; and the reader is soon to journey with the army through the campaigns of Virginia, and into the rifle-pits in front of Petersburg.

—After we had written the note about *The Vidette-Reporter's* New Year's card, which appeared in last week's *SCHOLASTIC*, we received a copy of that paper in which the exchange editor blusters after his accustomed fashion and seeks to crawl out of a difficulty in a manner that is neither manly nor creditable. He will have to do more crawling in order to avoid the guilt of forgery. We do not wish to bandy words with such a man, but it is a duty to ourselves, our paper, and the sacred objects at which he flings his mud, to show him up in his true light. To spare a fellow who mocks a usage of nineteen centuries' standing, introduced to commemorate the death of our Saviour on Good Friday, and to-day observed by nearly 250,000,000 of people—the Catholic custom of abstaining from meat on Friday;—a fellow, who without any reason whatever, attempts to throw obloquy on the memory of the saintly Pope Pius the Ninth,—a memory to which the press of the entire world, Protestant and Catholic, with one only exception, paid a fitting tribute of honor—the exception being *The Irish World* newspaper, of New York,—to allow this man to pass unrebuked, who, on the other hand, eulogizes that apostle of assassination, Gavazzi—now in jail in France for immoral conduct—this would not be right; it would, we think, be conniving at villainy.

"Heady, not strong; overflowing, though not full,"

the *Vidette-Reporter* editor splurges at what we had written of him, and makes a very lame attempt to prove us wrong and himself right in regard to the alleged ungrammatical quotation from Shakspeare. To overawe us, we suppose, he gives the names of twelve editions of Shakspeare, but all this only goes to prove the more strongly that he has no conscience whatever. We could wish to give him the benefit of a doubt, but the fact of a wilful alteration of the text both of his own paper and the *SCHOLASTIC* is too clear and palpable to admit of a doubt. To the point. In the last issue of the *Vidette-Reporter* the exchange editor says:

"That he attempted to prove his statement, and that he succeeded admirably in proving himself the fool, will be seen from the following extract from his reply: 'That the fellow is ignorant as well as vulgar—ignorance and vulgarity are generally found in company—is evident from the fact that he cannot quote eight words from Shakspeare grammatically. 'Damned be him,' he writes, 'that first cries, Hold, enough!' It is evident from the above passage that the editor of the *Scholastic* knows as little about Shakspeare and English grammar in general as he does about history, for did he not he certainly would not have made such a foolish blunder, for we quoted the passage as Shakspeare wrote it, and as he will find it in any of the twelve editions given below,* if he will get some friend to show him the last act in Macbeth. Now we hope that, unless our friend has something to say in defense of his hero, Pope Pius IX., he will keep silent, and avoid making another such an exhibition of his ignorance. Let him remember that 'if fools hold their tongues, they may be taken for wise men.'"

Now all this looks very nice for the exchange editor of *The Vidette-Reporter*, but in the above extract from Shakspeare, which he proves correct by the twelve editions cited, does he give the words originally used by him in the *Vidette-Reporter*? HE DOES NOT. They did not so appear in the *SCHOLASTIC*; they did not so appear in the *Vidette-Reporter*. The reprint is a falsified one—a forgery—or a big blunder on his part. In his paper for December the 17th, now before us, from which the words in question were copied into the *SCHOLASTIC*, we find the words just as we reprinted them. The sentence, as he originally gave it, reads as follows: "So lay on, Mr. *Scholastic* man, and 'damned be him who first cries, Hold, enough!'" Mark the difference between "HIM WHO," as originally given in both papers, and "HIM THAT" in the last number of the *Vidette-Reporter*! Had the passage been rendered by "him that" or "he who" we would never have called it in question. After such a glaring perversion it is evidently time the *V.-R.*'s exchange editor cried "Hold, enough!"—but we hope he will escape the penalty of damnation which he so rashly invoked upon himself. As to Pope Pius IX., who in October, 1847, gave to the States of the Church a representative form of government very much like our own—a Senate and Chamber of Deputies—the representatives chosen by vote of the people, and a layman, de Rossi, as President of the Assembly, it is unnecessary to speak here. And yet this is the man whom an Iowa college editor calls the "infamous Pope Pius IX.," "intriguing with the enemies of his country, and doing all in his power to keep Italy disunited and subject to Austria." Another specimen of the "doctored" history read in some of our American colleges, we presume; for the Iowa editor is not the first to speak in this way. We suppose the "doctored" histories say nothing of Pope Pius's raising an army of 12,000 men, under Gen. Durando, to defend the Roman territory against Austria, and thus to co-operate with Charles Albert, although these troops had orders not to leave the Papal States, and so to act only as humanity dictates—on the defensive? Or that the Mazzini-Garibaldi cut-throats killed Rossi in cold blood as he was about to enter the Congressional Chamber, and carried his body on a pitchfork about the streets, and in front of the house where their victim resided, in sight of his agonized wife? Or that when Pope Pius the Ninth was in exile, at Gaeta, such disorders reigned in Rome, under the Mazzini-Garibaldi régime, that all respectable people were glad to have the Pope back, and petitioned him to return? To readers of the "doctored" history in question we commend Brennan's or Dr. O'Reilly's Life of Pope Pius IX., leaving them free to believe as little or much as they please.

New Books.

DEVOTION OF REPARATION TO THE HOLY FACE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. Published with the Approbation of Rt. Rev. William H. Gross, D. D., Bishop of Savannah. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 182 Baltimore Street.

This is a neat little brochure of 64 pages. The frontispiece is an uncommonly good engraving of the Veil of St. Veronica. A short account of the origin of the devotion, followed by the Rules of the Confraternity for the Reparation of Blasphemy, precede the prayers and practices. There is also a brief method of assisting at Mass in union with our Saviour's Passion.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL—For the Year of our Lord 1882. By J. A. Lyons. Seventh Year. Price 25 cents. University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Of the few publications that become better as they grow older, the SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL is certainly one. When, however, it is understood that it is published under the immediate supervision of the tasteful and painstaking Prof. Lyons, one can see why it is so. The Prof. is never satisfied with anything unless it is really meritorious. Nothing leaves his hands until it is finished. The ANNUAL, besides serving as a first-class almanac, giving the calendar of all the months of the year, the days of abstinence and fasting, the holy days of obligation, etc., contains a large amount of very choice reading-matter in prose and verse. The longer articles, on literature, science and education, are very elaborate and will well repay perusal, while many of the shorter pieces in verse are gems of their kind. "The Strawberry Festival," one of the celebrated "Chansons Physiologiques," and the "Ballad of the Ferocious Ute and the Crafty Cook," from the pen of our venerable friend, Prof. A. J. Stace, show that age has not dimmed his perception of the humorous or ridiculous. His wit and fancy are as fresh and brilliant as ever. Indeed his sojourn among the ferocious Utes seems to have benefited him in more ways than one.

For copies and further information regarding the SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL, a copy of which should be in every family, apply to J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.

Art, Music, and Literature.

—John Murphy & Co., of Baltimore, announce as in press the "Life of Leon Papin Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours," translated from the French of M. L'Abbé Janvier.

—"Ireland of Today" is the title of a handsomely-printed book of 459 pages just issued by J. M. Stoddart & Co., of Philadelphia. The book is written by Mrs. M. F. Sullivan, of Chicago, a magazine writer and journalist of acknowledged ability. The literary merit of this book is beyond question and it is profusely illustrated and gotten up in the best style of the art. We will speak further of it next week.

—The *North American Review* has had to find a new publisher, the Appletons' refusing to issue it after January on account of the papers from Col. Ingersoll given in last year's *Review*. Without questioning the propriety of this act of the Appletons, it seems strange that they should feel qualms of conscience in regard to Col. Ingersoll's outspoken infidelity while atheism of a worse nature, because insidious, is frequently, and not in homœopathic doses either, dealt out in a pet publication of their own, *The Popular Science Monthly*. Some people have a queer conscience; open infidelity is to be tolerated, but sugar-coat it with "science," so called, and they have no longer any misgivings.—*Musical Visitor*.

—As regards Mendelssohn's special philosophical activity, no one, of course, would affirm that he belongs to the number of great thinkers who have struck out new paths for themselves. It is curious to note, however, that in 1763, when Mendelssohn and Kant competed for an academical prize, the former carried it off with his "Essay on Evidence." Mendelssohn's forte lay in exposition rather than in discovery, in his method of treatment rather than in the contents of his teaching; he does not write for metaphysicians, but for the world, and no matter how abstruse the subject which he undertook to discuss, he always aimed to preserve the style of cultivated conversation. In short, he wrote about philosophy as Lessing wrote criticism, and as Schiller wrote history. He was an artist in literature, and it was this artistic tendency which he transmitted to his descendants.

—The well known Flemish novel writer and poet, Hendrik Conscience, lately published his one hundredth work, on which occasion (September 26th) great festivities took place in his honor in Brussels. Although he is not an English writer, nevertheless he is deserving of special notice, there being scarcely a reader of the SCHOLASTIC who has not read some one or other of his interesting and instructive

works in the English. The following is a short sketch of his life: Hendrik Conscience was born at Antwerp on the 3d of December. His father was a Frenchman. Hendrik is a self-made man. He acquired his education chiefly by reading. In his youth he fought strongly against the many obstacles which opposed his literary taste. At the breaking out of the Belgian revolution in 1830, he entered the army and served six years; during this time he wrote his first poems, consisting of French songs, which soon became quite popular. In 1836 he left the army—he had advanced in it as far as sergeant-major. At home he devoted himself to the study of literature and soon associated himself with those men who, at that time, were forming various associations to preserve the Flemish nationality and language in Belgium, against the ruin which then threatened them through the decided tendency then so prevalent for French manners and customs. To raise the standard of the Flemish language, there appeared at that time a great number of poems and other literary works in that language; and Hendrik Conscience soon became one of the most earnest supporters of the so called Language Movement, as well as one of the most efficient members of the association. He finally obtained a place as Secretary in the Art Academy at Antwerp. In 1867 he became a Professor in the University of Ghent, and later on Curator of the Museum of Wiertz, in Brussels. On him was conferred the honor of instructing the children of King Leopold I in the Flemish language and literature. Conscience had to work hard for his living, but, notwithstanding, he found time enough to write a number of romances which made him the most prominent founder of the new Flemish literature, and one of the most popular writers of Europe. His books have been translated into almost every known language. In Bohemia, Poland and Denmark the excellent Flemish story-writer is greatly beloved, and in his own country he is the idol of the reading public. *Ad multos annos!*

—Dr. Lyman C. Draper, well known throughout the country from his connection with the Wisconsin Historical Society, which owes its leading position among such associations almost wholly to his labors, has been engaged during some forty years in collecting material for a history which lately appeared, and which he designs to be the first of a series of salient features of the border aspects of the Revolutionary struggle with the mother country. He has produced a large octavo of 600 pages, nearly 120 of which are occupied with the documents of various sorts from which his information is drawn. These are valuable—some of them, it is believed, now first finding their way into print. The book opens with a brief running sketch of the progress of the war up to the invasion of South Carolina by Sir Henry Clinton, and thence follows closely, and sometimes in rather tiresome detail, the events that led up to the turning point in the fight at King's Mountain, in which the leaders on both sides lost their lives, and which, small as it was in itself, proved the turning-point of the war in the Southern States, and nearly won for itself a place among the so-called decisive battles of the world. Among the curious points of the volume is the light it throws on the character of Maj. Andre. After detailing his career about Charleston during Clinton's siege of that place, the author says: "However fascinating his talents and deportment, he was not entitled to the commiseration of the American people as an honorable but unfortunate foe. Twice he acted the part of an insidious spy, corrupting and deceiving with falsehoods and mean dissimulation; and he was twice, at least, guilty of theft—once while stationed in Philadelphia, plundering from the Library of the University of Pennsylvania a complete set of that valuable work 'L'Encyclopedie,' received as a present from the French Academy of Science by the hands of Dr. Franklin; on the other occasion taking from Dr. Franklin's residence, which he occupied a while, a portrait of the philosopher." This is exceedingly plain and unmistakable, if not very elegant English, and serves to cast a very ugly side-light on one of the most cherished idols of our modern sentimentalists. On the whole, the book is one of a good deal of value, and makes very entertaining reading, notwithstanding the fact that one is being constantly exasperated by the slovenliness of its style.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, January 21, 1882.

If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately, each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the complete volume for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

Presentation.

On Sunday evening, the hall of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was more brilliantly lighted up than usual, not only with the mere physical refulgence from the gasaliers, but with the more subtle flashes of intellect and humor which irradiated from the assembled throng. On our arrival, we found President Walsh in the chair, supported by Prof. Lyons, the able and energetic President of the Society, while a musical St. Cecilian was performing sonatas on the organ. Bro. Leander, the popular principal of the Junior department, having been decoyed to the room on the pretext of a debate on the Tariff Question, now entered amid loud and prolonged applause. On taking his seat, Master Ed. Fishel advanced, with a bow formed according to the recipe in "New Arts," and greeted the Brother with a little versified address, making presentation to him of the complete works of Shakspeare, in a very neatly bound edition. The Brother was quite taken by surprise, and accepted the gift in a brief but touching speech. More music followed, and President Walsh then took the occasion to speak at length on the pleasure that such scenes always afford to a well-balanced mind. Gratitude, he said, was the index of true nobility, and the gift was alike honorable to the recipient and the donors. Such expressions of friendship are like blossoms by the wayside cheering the path of him who conscientiously endeavors to walk in the often rugged and embarrassing road of strict compliance with the precepts of duty. The happy party then separated, to resume the regular business of the Association at a future time.

Catholic Poets.

The *North-Western Chronicle* gives the following excellent notice of Prof. Lyons' "Household Library of Catholic Poets":

"The Household Library of Catholic Poets, from Chaucer to the present day, is sent forth under the editorial supervision of Eliot Ryder with the imprint of Jos. A. Lyons, Professor in the University of Notre Dame. This collection is 'Catholic' only by the religious faith of its authors. The editor in a preface remarks that there is and always will be a demand for poetry. There is scarcely a field in scholarship or taste or culture that has been so thoroughly worked as this of collecting, collating and arranging poetry. It requires what some one calls a lyrical ear. We have not had recently a collection of the poems of strictly Catholic authors, and so there ought to be room for a sheaf that contains poems by Adelaide Anne Proctor, Rev. Father Ryan, the late Father Faber, the late George Henry

Miles, a clever Baltimorean who is represented in the volume by his choice verses 'Said the Rose,' and many other writers of the living and the dead.

"From the arrangement of the book we should infer that the selections of the authors in the main were made by themselves, that is by those of them that are not out of the editor's and the critic's reach alike, because there is an appendix, and the editor says in a note to that that he gives in it selections from authors who had not responded to calls for information about themselves, and yet whose books entitled them to recognition. In the appendix are examples from Father Tom Burke, Dr. 'Deirdre' Joyce, Emily Seton, sister of the Monsignor of New Jersey, Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, of Chicago, and others. In the main collection there are Moore and Mangan and Pope and Dryden, as well as Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, of whom, by-the-by, there is a good picture, good portrait too it may be. The collection of pearls, gracefully strung together and guarded by a red line on the handsome page, does not suggest carp or criticism, because the poems already have worn the laurel bays accorded by the ages of the years. Poor Father Edward Purcell whose lamp went out in melancholy sadness is quoted, and indeed, nearer home, there is place made for Wm. Louis Kelly. A pleasant feature in this volume, and one that has been adopted in late years, is that a little sketch of the author is given. Persons never tire of being given information. We are not all learned in books and their authors. Besides which youngsters are growing up and they need to be told who was who, and when he was born, and when he died.

"This charming volume has been in part published by subscription, yet doubtless an order for it at D. O'Halloran's or McCarthy & Donnelly's would secure a copy. We quote from it the lines of Dr. Boyle O'Reilly which he calls:

"AT BEST.

"The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow:
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.
So man to man: in fair accord,
On thought and will, the winds may wait;
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.
From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be;
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea.

"Another day we may call on Mr. Eliot for a fresh pearl."

Concerning the Minims.

They are now nearly all back from the Christmas holidays. Master Ryan Devereux, who did not go home, being detained here by railroad business, states that the receipts in passenger-offices show a large increase during the past four weeks, owing to the vast amount of travelling done by the Minim department. The returning Minims report having had a diversity of experience while on their travels. Master Dwenger describes the decorations of the Cathedral at Fort Wayne during Christmas week in glowing terms. He acknowledges, nevertheless, that the Church here is nicer; appropriately remarking, however, that "it aint always the people that visit nice churches that are the most pious." This is understood to be a severe

reflection on—but we forbear. Master John A. Kelly reports snakes and things as active in Washington. He saw a deer there, and an alligator; and he says that in the Patent Office “they have a thing to bring a dead man to life, when he is drowned.” He also observes that the savage bicycle is again on the war-path. Master Charlie Metz says that “they are building a fine cable in Chicago; and Michigan Street is going to run into the Boulevard.” We hope no loss of life will result from the collision. He likewise intimates that wild animals are rampant there. He mentions “the tiger and the wolfe, and the lion and a great many others.” In spite of all his thrilling adventures among them, however, he still becomes enthusiastic over the Minims’ Society-Room, which he states is “the finest one I ever saw.” Master Frank Otis reverts to his own experience of home-life, which probably refers to a more distant epoch than the Christmas holidays, as he recounts having witnessed an Indian sun dance, at which he says: “They see who can cut themselves up the most, and whoever cuts in the deepest and the most gets so much money.” This beats Mr. Shylock and his pound of flesh all hollow. He goes on to describe a horrible image contrived by the Indians to frighten wayfarers. This is “a great big rock—it weighed about 3075 pounds, and it lay on the side of the road where the people used to go and take nice sleigh rides. This rock was cut out into a big head and body, and the eyes were cut away in this rock, and painted red, and the mouth was wide open, and red all inside except the teeth; and the people used to get scared.” We don’t wonder at the people. We have got scared ourselves at a great deal less than that. A gentleman returning home late after a protracted series of successful New Year’s calls, and encountering such an object as that in his path, would be extremely likely to think he had “got ’em again.” But to return to our *moutons*—some of them, like Master Denny O’Connor, for instance, have cast to the winds the sweet reminiscences of home, and got down to solid skating. This is as it should be. Master O’Connor exuberates on the snow-ball victory achieved by the Minims over their hereditary enemies, the Juniors. Other symptoms of a healthy combativeness are cropping out in various quarters. Master J. F. Nester, of Humeric suggestiveness, commemorates the exploit of one of the Minims, not named—who “succeeded in catching Bro. Albert on skates.” If our young friends never catch anything worse they will do well. Master Paul P. Johnson, speaking of a certain Senior of broad proportions, says: “When he fell on the ice I thought he had broke up our skating; but he did not. He only swept the ice three or four feet for us.” Master Ryan Devereux says: “Handball is the favorite game now: other small games are played.” Whether he uses “played” in the sense of “relegated to oblivion” does not appear. Neither does it appear what the “small games” are. We can imagine the Minims engaged in various small games—with the infirmity cat, for instance, which that outraged feline would effectually resent, so that we don’t wonder that they are “played.” Mr. Clarke’s speech in the Rotunda made a great impression on this young gentleman. He says: “It was a real Irish one. What student at Notre Dame does not agree with him? Let him show up, and I call around at my office. I’ll attend to him!” We are afraid Master Devereux is dangerous. Master Willie Prindiville unites with him in admiration of Mr. Clarke’s speech—“All about Parnell and all about Old Ireland.” Master Donn Piatt somewhat

modifies Master Ellis’s views in respect to the penalties to be inflicted upon the unfortunate Chinese. He would prefer to hang them up by the toes. He also remarks: “When a fellow is skating along, sometimes the ice flies up and takes him on the nose, and then he goes off sneezing, snorting, sometimes bawling.” Quite agrees with our own experience. He also tells us: “We still have the sixty-two (62) Minims, but when all get back we will have near seventy (70). We have some new comers since the holidays.” On the whole, the holidays seem to have agreed with our young friends, with the exception of one little urchin who had the cheek to come and ask us, “If we went out gunning for poets, and brought down Longfellow, what part of our ammunition should we obtain the value of?” Observing our embarrassment, he kindly mentioned that “we should get our wad’s worth.” He was going to explain that Wadsworth was the poet’s middle name, when we kicked him out. This is, of course, very painful to chronicle, as none now indulge in conundrums but the lowest of the low. Even the College faculty have almost given them up, except a few old stagers in whom the disease has become chronic, and who are generally regarded as harmlessly insane.

Local Items.

- Skating.
- “Oh, my head!”
- Oh! those pesty cranks!
- He said “Neal,” and he knelt.
- How many stars did you see, Del.?
- The young “Nobles” still flourish.
- Euglossian reunion to-night 21st inst.
- “Flue” vows revenge, but we can’t see it.
- “Jack” will surprise us all some day, Doc.
- Ginger has nearly as many pages as the Vin.
- He “Rose” up, Prof., but he sat down, you bet.
- “O them goat! and that horns! and this butts!”
- “Terra lucorum in cineribus est. Nil relictum est.”
- The Archconfraternity Festival was a decided success.
- Did you see the Free Lunch Friend from the Garden City?
- No doubt he will some day be a great scientific man. Oh, no!
- The Thespians will soon begin to prepare for their great play.
- “Zeke” did not see the point but he felt it, and wishes he didn’t.
- Georgie T—dreamt he was a bold knight as he went to the “castle.”
- Prof. A. J. Stace has been elected an honorary member of the Mignon Club.
- “Denis” is no more; yet his memory still guides the *élite* of the Junior department.
- “Brick-top” takes daily lessons in the art of reliance. He should soon be an old reliable.
- “Arthur” has started a lexicographical work which promises to immortalize his memory.
- THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL is in great demand. The sale surpasses that of all former years.
- The man from Michigan says he “will G-not.” He has evidently been driving oxen lately.
- The Juniors have a football whose name strikes terror to many a muscular Senior’s heart.
- They were defied, but they couldn’t help themselves, although they made every effort to do so.

—He is going to be a Professor when he graduates. Rather a high notion, is it not, "Skip"?

—The only way to root out his chewing propensity is to cut off his hebdomadal "cash supply."

—"How do you do this morning, Georgie?" (and he blushed). But we don't blame him, oh, no!

—The meetings of the Thespians are of a superior order, being of a thoroughly literary and dramatic character.

—Arthur said he would take a "sleeper," but Denis was in favor of a "smoker," as he wanted something reliable.

—We hear that two of our young men, K. and V., met with a cool reception at the domicile of the Chicago man.

—Mike, you should have had manliness enough to put the key back yourself, as you were the one who took it out.

—Now, was his "Dream" production good, or was it even fair? No, it was the most senseless "bosh" I ever heard.

—Our friend "Flue" has a new military suit so you had better look out, for to dig up the hatchet is a sign of hostility.

—The Senior Campus, previous to the holidays, was rather crowded, owing to the unwelcomed intrusion of their sheep ships.

—Proposals for carrying mail between Notre Dame and South Bend are now open. Our friend "H" should receive the contract.

—New additions have been made to the band during the past week, and, under the efficient leadership of Prof. Paul, the members are rapidly improving.

—"J. Grey: Pack my box with five dozen quills." Wonderful as it may seem, the twenty-six letters of the alphabet may be found in the above sentence.

—"THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC POETS" is having quite a sale, and we congratulate Prof. Lyons on the well-merited success of his worthy venture.

—Prof. J. A. Lyons is in daily receipt of large baskets of letters and cards complimenting his recent work "THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC POETS."

—Our friend John, though naturally of an astronomical turn of mind, was unable to count the luminaries which obscured his vision on the skating rink, a short time since.

—Those Seniors who waved their handkerchiefs at "the gentleman from Washington," during the entertainment, a few evenings ago, would do well to let themselves out as signs.

—The Ohio man eats first-class pie. He buys it at Tiffin. Willie, they knew you were verdant, you must be more careful when travelling again and give Tiffin a wide berth.

—The members of the Lemmonier Library Association return thanks to Prof. Unsworth for a fine copy of Froissart's chronicles of the Middle Ages; and a late edition of the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

—The large antique painting of the Holy Family, lately presented to the University by Mrs. Col. Anderson, of Circleville, Ohio, has been placed in the circulating department of the Lemmonier Library.

—The latest patented football is now in possession of the Juniors. They are under obligations to Bro. Eugene, who worked on it over time the evening before in order to have it ready for the next day's sports.

—The members of the St. Cecilia Society who went home to spend the holidays have returned looking well and hearty, and are determined to surpass all competitors in their 24th annual summer entertainment.

—A special chamber is to be fitted up and draped in dark green for the reception of the original Crucifixion by Van Dyke which has been in possession of the University for a number of years past. This masterpiece is valued at twenty-five thousand dollars.

—The Mignon Club Orchestra is composed of the following Seniors: Leader and first violinist, Frank Grever; first violin 2d, Frank Wheatly; second violin, Andrew Kuntsman; bass, Frank Martin; first cornet, George Tracey; second cornet, James Marlette.

—We doubt whether the most intimate friends of "Denis" would have recognized him on his return from South Bend a short time ago.

To the Barber's chair he hi-i-ed.
And never got up till he dy-y-ed, a ung.

—The crayon portrait of the Junior receiving the highest number of marks for general excellence in conduct, lessons etc., during the past session has been completed by Bro. Albert, C. S. C., and presented to the successful contestant, Mr. Neal Ewing, son of Hon. P. B. Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio.

—The twelfth regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Sunday, Jan. 15th. Declamations and compositions were read. Master J. Garrity was elected to membership. The President made a stirring speech which was received with applause, after which the meeting adjourned.

—Some students should display better taste than to interrupt a performance by leaving during its continuance. There is entirely too much of this unmannerly business of walking about during an entertainment, and digging their heels into the floor by persons who ought to know better. It is both unmannerly and provoking.

—The painting known as "Adoration of the Shepherds," presented to the Lemmonier Library by Mrs. Anderson, of Circleville, Ohio, is the work of some unknown artist of the Venetian school and dates as far back as the fifteenth century. It came to this country from Antwerp, where it was purchased by one of our American ministers to Belgium.

—The following-named Juniors received votes for the crayon portrait: Neal Ewing, who received the highest number of votes, and consequently carried off the prize; C. C. Kolars, Michael Dolan 9; Ed. Fishel, 5; Harry Porter, 4; Chas. Porter, 3; F. McPhillips, 2; Thos. Hurley, 10; C. C. Echlin, 8; A. Browne, 1; R. French, 7; Fred. Fishel, 6.

—The SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL is a handsome volume of about 100 pages, containing a calendar for 1882, and a variety of useful statistics as well as fine selections of literature. The ANNUAL is a convenient reference and should be found in every library. Send 25 cents to Prof. J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, and obtain a copy.—*South-Bend Weekly Times*.

—Muldoon mourneth the loss of his European companion who wandereth unwittingly afar towards the "Land of the Midnight Sun."

Perhaps he's up in a balloon,
Perhaps he's gone to sea;
Perhaps he's gone to Brigham Young,
A Mormonite to be.

—Very Rev. Father General examined the Elocution Class of the Minim department last week. He recommended clearness and distinctness in pronunciation to all. Among those who received special notice were Masters D. A. O'Connor, J. H. Dwenger, T. Norfolk, J. J. McGrath, Ryan Devereux, and J. A. Kelly. The class thank Very Rev. Father General for his instructions and hope he will find time to visit them soon again.

—Among the many Christmas gifts which Very Rev. Father General gave his Minims was a pearl rosary which was blessed by the late sainted Pius IX. This, Father General gave for the best boy in the department. He left it to the Minims themselves to decide by vote. They did so, after serious deliberations, and the young gentleman of their choice was Master J. Rose, of Evansville, Ind., who returns Very Rev. Father General thanks for the precious souvenir.

—The regular meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held Sunday evening, 15th inst., Rev. Father Walsh presiding. The ten minute instruction was given by Rev. D. E. Hudson. Among the visitors were Father Stoffel and Prof. Paul, the latter kindly acting as organist. Well-written essays were read by W. J. McCarthy, on "How to Spend the Vacation," by C. Tinley, on the "Angelus." G. E. Clarke, E. Taggart and J. Farrell were appointed to prepare compositions for the next meeting.

—A little more care and painstaking by the readers in the Junior refectory would not be at all out of place.

Slowness, clearness and distinctness are necessary requisites for one who would become a good reader. There are some who approach the necessary standard. We trust in future that the readers will endeavor to make themselves heard. This, few have done during the past session. We hope to observe a little more care in this direction during the coming session. The same remarks will apply equally well to the Seniors.

—We have received with the compliments of the editor Prof. J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL for 1882. As usual, in addition to being a correct church calendar, it is a work of great literary merit, including humorous astrological predictions by Prof. A. J. Stace, a poem by Prof. T. E. Howard, county clerk, a poem by Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, the ballad of "The Ute and the Crafty Cook," by Prof. Stace, a sonnet by Elliot Ryder, a tribute to President Garfield, by Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of Notre Dame, etc. It is a splendid thing to have on your reading table.—*South Bend Register*

—The 17th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association was held on the 16th inst. Masters F. Lund, C. C. Schmidt, E. Tappan, and F. Farrelly were admitted to membership. Master J. Powell favored the meeting with some choice pieces of music, accompanied by an instrument the ancient Latins were well acquainted with. Master Farrelly then gave a burlesque speech on the "Tariff Question." Artemus Ward would have enjoyed it very much, were he again on this earth, to be present. D. C. Smith, J. Gallagher, G. E. Tourtillotte, M. Wilbur, and E. Baily exercised their vocal powers, to the great delight of the members, P. Archer made his mark in a serious speech. P. Yrisarri and J. Castillo closed the meeting with a Spanish declamation.

—The 10th regular meeting of the Thespian Society was held Jan. 14. Messrs J. Larkin, and M. Donahoe were unanimously elected to membership. Extracts from the dramatic works of Shakespeare were then given by several of the members, after which a well-written essay on the "Dry Tortugas" was delivered by C. Cleary. It was well received by the members. "Marion's Men" was well described by Jos. P. O'Neill, "Sir Hector," a Highland chief in the army of Montrose, a highly tragic selection, and a very difficult one, was well rendered by M. Healy. W. J. McCarthy's Elocutionary abilities were well displayed in "Our Boys." Mr. M. E. Donahoe, being called upon for a speech, thanked the members very cordially for having admitted him. G. E. Clarke closed the exercises with Emmet's Lament, which he gave with his usual artistic skill.

—The mural painting of Columbus, donated to the University by Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General, O. S. C., and the first of the series in the life of the great discoverer which is to adorn the main hall of the College, has been completed by Prof. Gregori. It is a most admirable representation of ancient Wall Tapestry and a valuable addition to the many works of art that adorn the building. The figure stands fully six feet in height. The features are bold and pleasing and closely resemble those of an original portrait of the renowned navigator, which we had the good fortune once to see. It is truly a magnificent specimen of art, and the Very Rev. donor and the Artist are both entitled to the gratitude of all, the former for his generosity and care in the preservation of art, and the latter for his great care and painstaking in completing so perfect a representation.

—The 19th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, was held on the 15th inst. The chief feature of this meeting was the presentation of a slight token of their affection and esteem to Bro. Leander, C. S. C., Prefect in chief of the Junior dept., for his zeal and pains taking during the scholastic year. The presentation took place in presence of Rev. President Walsh, Professors Edwards, Stace and Paul, and Prof. J. A. Lyons, President and instructor of the Association. Master Ed. Fishel read the presentation address. The present was an elegant copy of Shakespeare's complete works. The good Brother responded in a brief speech, thanking the members for their generosity and good feeling towards him. Rev. President Walsh spoke to the members, and complimented them on their advancement and good conduct,

and concluded by saying that he had no doubt that the St. Cecilians of '81 and '82, would be as the St. Cecilians of the past, the foremost society in the College. Prof. Paul presided at the organ, and enlivened the entertainment with choice selections of music.

—A very pleasant and most agreeable reunion of the Philopatrians and St. Cecilians took place just previous to the Christmas holidays. We regret that space will not permit an extended report of the same, as it was thoughtlessly crowded out of space that should have been allotted to it. The meeting was a most enjoyable one. Among the guests we noticed Rev. Father Walsh, President of the University, Fathers Stoffel, Brothers Leander, William, and Charles. Professors Gregori, Lyons, Edwards and Devoto, Mr. J. Sullivan, C. S. C., and the editor of the SCHOLASTIC. Too much cannot be said in praise of the excellent manner in which all entertainments of this kind are conducted under the able management of Prof. Lyons. The Faculty and students are truly indebted to him, and also to Prof. Edwards, for earnest and untiring efforts to make all labors light, and recreation pleasant and profitable. We have not the least hesitation in saying that no college in America to day can show two more zealous and disinterested teachers of the mental and physical man, than Professors Lyons and Edwards. Their earnest attention and self-sacrifice are richly deserving of whatever praise can be bestowed.

—In a late number of *The Chicago Tribune* we find the following deserved compliment paid the Studebaker Brother Manufacturing Company, of South Bend, whose advertisement we have elsewhere in our paper:

"The great carriage house of the West have fairly won the honors they wear as the largest wagon and carriage-builders in the world. They have two immense factories at South Bend, Ind., where they began business forty years ago, in one of which they make 5,000 pleasure vehicles a year, and in the other they turn out 25,000 farm, freight, and spring-wagons annually—more than twice as many as are made by any other establishment! They established their quarters at Chicago seven years ago, and at their repository, 151 & 153 Wabash Avenue, may be seen all the latest styles of their work. Their wagons are noted for strength, durability, and easy movement, and their carriages for beauty, elegance, perfect workmanship, and artistic finish."

The Studebaker works at South Bend are a mammoth affair, and, being well worth a visit, attract people from very different points. When in Washington, on a vacation trip, Emmons Blaine, a son of the Ex-Secretary of State, told us that he had a wish to pay the Studebaker Works a visit, and would come this way to see them. The next largest wagon and carriage factory in the world is probably that of Mr. ALEXIS COQUILLARD, an old student of Notre Dame, and also located in South Bend. His workmanship and finish are perfect, and are surpassed by none, so that if people far or near desire a first-class carriage or wagon, and at the bottom price, they should patronize the South Bend manufacturers.

Semi-Annual Examination, Jan. 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st, 1882.

BOARDS OF EXAMINATION.

CLASSICAL BOARD—Rev. T. E. Walsh, presiding; Rev. N. J. Stoffel, Secretary; Rev. F. Fitte, Rev. F. Steil; Prof. Unsworth, Prof. Lyons.

SCIENTIFIC BOARD—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Prof. Devoto, Secretary; Prof. Stace, Prof. McCue.

COMMERCIAL BOARD—Rev. J. M. Toohey, presiding; Bro. Philip, Secretary; Bro. Marcellinus; Prof. Tong, Prof. Lyons, Prof. Edwards.

PREPARATORY BOARD—Rev. J. A. O'Connell, presiding; Mr. J. Sullivan, Secretary; Mr. J. Burke; Bro. Alexander, Bro. Leander, Bro. Paul, Bro. Emmanuel, Bro. Albert, Bro. Raphael, Bro. William;

BOARD OF MODERN LANGUAGES—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. F. Fitte, Mr. J. Irman, Secretary; Mr. Boerres, Mr. J. Ernster; Bro. Philip.

BOARD OF FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES—Rev. T. E. Walsh, presiding; Bro. Basil, Bro. Leopold; Prof.

Paul, Prof. Gregori; Bro. Albert, Bro. Celestine, Bro. Stanislaus, Mr. Rumely, Mr. Smith.

Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Anderson, J. C. Armijo, H. Akin, F. M. Barron, W. H. Bailey, E. C. Bryant, F. Baker, J. M. Boose, F. M. Bell, W. S. Bolton, R. Becerra, J. Barry, T. Cullen, D. Corry, S. G. Clements, M. J. Carroll, J. J. Conway, G. Clarke, C. Coughanowr, W. S. Cleary, N. Commerford, J. Donegan, J. Drury, A. Dehner, M. E. Donahoe, B. Eaton, E. J. Eager, F. Ewing, W. Flannery, E. J. Fenton, T. P. Fenton, J. Farrell, R. E. Fleming, T. F. Flynn, J. Falvey, M. Falvey, C. L. Fishburne, J. J. Flynn, W. E. Grout, W. W. Gray, A. J. Golonski, F. H. Grever, F. Godfroy, T. D. Healy, M. F. Healy, A. Jackson, A. Jones, W. Johnson, J. J. Kelly, F. Kinsella, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kindel, D. Kavanaugh, G. M. Kerndt, M. Livingston, H. Letterhos, J. C. Larkin, J. R. Marlett, G. E. McErlain, W. McCarthy, P. McGinnis, C. I. McDermott, J. A. McIntyre, H. W. Morse, W. B. McGorrick, E. McGorrick, W. McEniry, T. H. Maloney, J. B. O'Reilly, W. J. O'Connor, T. O'Rourke, E. C. Orrick, J. N. Osher, E. A. Otis, F. Paquette, C. L. Pierson, S. Pillars, S. S. Perley, L. Proctor, J. P. Piefer, F. A. Quinn, E. J. Ryan, P. Rasche, J. E. Schalk, W. Schofield, B. Schofield, J. Solon, E. E. Smith, C. A. Smith, H. Steis, A. C. Schiml, C. A. Tinley, E. G. Taggart, G. S. Tracy, C. B. Van Duzen, W. Vander Heyden, F. Wheatly, F. Ward, F. S. Weber, J. A. White, E. D. Yrisarri, J. B. Zettler, A. F. Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

P. H. Archer, A. A. Browne, W. F. Bacon, W. H. Barron, G. B. Buchanan, B. B. Baca, A. J. Campau, W. J. Cavanaugh, J. L. Castillo, A. M. Chirhart, J. A. Devine, G. L. Deschamp, M. Dolan, C. Devoto, J. A. Drendel, W. Dare, C. C. Echlin, N. H. Ewing, Ed Fishel, Fred Fishel, W. F. Freyermuth, J. H. Fendrick, R. French, J. Friedman, H. Fisher, M. L. Foote, H. G. Foote, W. M. Graham, E. B. Gerlach, J. W. Guthrie, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, P. G. Hoffman, H. N. Hess, H. D. Hibbler, T. J. Hurley, E. A. Howard, J. L. Heffernan, J. Halligan, W. H. Johnston, J. P. Jones, F. R. Johnson, C. C. Kolars, J. F. Kahman, F. H. Kengel, H. A. Kitz, S. Katz, J. Livingston, J. T. McGordon, J. J. McGrath, T. E. McGrath, F. X. McPhillips, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, W. H. McCarthy, M. E. Murphy, J. Neeson, J. P. O'Donnell, B. B. Osborn, H. P. Porter, C. F. Porter, A. L. Richmond, G. J. Rhodius, W. J. Ruprecht, V. L. Rivaud, L. F. Rivaud, D. C. Smith, C. D. Saviers, E. J. Schmitt, G. H. Schaefer, A. T. Taggart, A. J. Vernier, T. Williams, J. W. Whelan, M. J. Wilbur, J. E. Zehnle, C. Zeigler, A. A. Zekind.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Ryan Devereux, D. McCawley, E. Nash, J. S. Chaves, J. J. McGrath, R. V. Papin, W. P. Devine, G. Gibson, P. Johnson, C. H. McGordon, J. J. McGrath, M. E. Devitt, P. Campau, C. Campau, T. Ellis, T. Norfolk, J. F. Nester, F. P. Nester, J. A. Kelly, A. J. Kelly, J. T. Kelly, B. B. Powell, J. A. Frain, V. A. Rebori, G. Price, J. Tong, F. S. Scott, C. Young, T. E. Curran, C. Quinlan, W. M. Masi, E. Adams, A. Devine, F. J. Garrity, J. Garrity, B. A. Hewitt, E. A. Thomas, F. S. Whitney, C. D. Brandom, H. J. Ackerman, W. J. Miller, L. J. Young, F. I. Otis, A. J. Otis, W. Welch, W. Walsh, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, D. A. O'Connor, C. Metz, J. L. Rose, L. P. Graham, J. S. Beall, A. P. Roberts, F. J. Coad, H. C. Dirksmeyer, H. Hynes.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

F. Johnson, E. Ryan, J. Piefer, W. Dare, B. Baca, F. Danielson, A. Brewster, H. Foote, M. Foote, J. Gallagher, W. Grout, W. Vander Hayden, H. Letterhos, I. Treon, J. A. White, W. McEniry, J. Armijo, H. Steis, F. O'Rourke, F. Paquette, F. Martin, W. Johnson, F. Murphy, G. Clements, J. M. Boose, C. Coughanowr, J. Drury, H. Morse, J. Larkin, A. Galonski, E. Drendel, L. Flormann, J. Halligan, E. Schmitt, S. Katz, A. Gall, J. Castillo, W. Ruprecht, C. Devoto, E. Bailey, W. Bacon, C. Rose, E. Gerlach, W. Freyermuth, C. Murdock, S. Murdock, A. Richmond, E. Orchard, J. Warner, T. McGrath, H. Porter, C. F. Porter, F. Fishel, J. Livingston, F. Lund, S. Lipmann, H. Hib-

bler, J. Kahmann, J. Devine, J. Zehnle, H. Snee, F. Campau, W. Jeannot, J. Neeson, A. Browne, P. Yrisarri, O. Kempf, J. Courtney.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. A. O'Connor, T. Norfolk, C. Metz, F. I. Otis, D. L. McCawley, C. H. McGordon, D. A. Piatt, J. H. Dwenger, E. P. Nash, J. J. McGrath, W. P. Devine, J. A. Frain, J. A. Kelly, A. J. Kelly, J. T. Kelly, G. G. Gibson, P. S. Gibson, P. P. Johnson, T. Ellis, R. V. Papin, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, C. D. Brandom, W. Walsh, W. Welch, M. E. Devitt, W. J. Miller, J. F. Nester, F. P. Nester, H. C. Dirksmeyer, A. P. Roberts, W. M. Masi, F. J. Coad, L. J. Young, F. S. Whitney, J. L. Rose, F. S. Scott, J. Tong, H. Hynes, P. E. Campau, C. Campau, H. J. Ackerman, J. S. Beall, J. S. Chaves, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, G. Price, B. B. Powell, C. Quinlan, A. Devine, E. Chirhart, E. A. Adams, T. E. Curran, B. A. Hewitt, J. Garrity, A. J. Otis, F. I. Garrity.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The subject of instruction in the Chapel of Loretto, on Monday morning, was "Obedience, and its Sublimity as a Christian Virtue."

—Major Brownson, of Detroit, Mich., son of the late Dr. Orestes S. Brownson, the distinguished editor of *Brownson's Review*, visited the Academy on the 10th inst.

—Sunday, Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, Rev. Father Shortis addressed the pupils at High Mass upon the solemnity of the day. The sermon was an impressive, learned and clear explanation of the honor due to the sacred name.

—Visitors: Major Brownson, Detroit, Mich.; Dr. Best, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Hackett, Ionia, Mich.; Mr. J. A. Castanedo, New Orleans, La.; Mr. John McNellis, Morris, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Beale, Mr. and Mrs. Ginz, South Bend; Mr. McGordon, and Mr. D. Moriarty, Muskegon.

—SAINT MARY'S CHIMES, Vol. VI, No II, Jan. 15th, 1882. Edited by Misses Catherine Wall, Catherine Campbell, and Laura French, of the Second Senior Class; and Sophia Papin and Bertha Legnard, of the Third Senior Class. Contents: I, Editorial; II, The Holy Name; III, Ornaments; IV, National Colors; V, Classical Allusion; VI, Probation; VII, Encouraging to the Shoe Trade; VIII, Province of the Facetious; IX, A Bill of Fare; X, Fire Arms; XI, Perfection and Trifles; XII, Geographical Enigma; XIII, Abbreviations; XIV, Timidity; XV, Marine; XVI, Song of the Gum; XVII, Academy Method; XVIII, The Ruling Passion; XIX, Second Seniordom; XX, Courage and its Necessity; XXI, Imported Civilization; XXII, Chemical Enigma; XXIII, Question; XXIV, A Minuet; XXV, The Angular Hand; XXVI, Why is the Lily the Flower of Mary?

(Selections from "ROSA MYSTICA" and "ST. MARY'S CHIMES," monthly papers edited by the young ladies of the Senior Department.)

We give the following beautiful extract from Very Rev. Father General's instruction to the Children of Mary, Dec. 26th, 1881, as taken from notes in ST. MARY'S CHIMES, of the 15th inst.: "Hear the chant that is vibrating the winter air! It is the joy of heaven that bursts forth from angel voices. The feast is called Noël, or Christmas, and is the special and particular feast of children. Why do we regard children with such reverence? Because Christ came to be a child like them. With how much tenderness we look upon them; with what interest we regard everything that concerns or refers to them; we look upon them as a sacred trust. How different from the cus-

toms of those who live in paganism! What awaits the child with them?

"In some parts of the world, children have been sacrificed to idols, even as the very animals; and such is the custom at the present day in regions where the teachings of Christianity are not recognized. At the time of the birth of the Divine Child, contempt for children was universal, but from the moment that children were redeemed by the adorable Blood of the Son of God what a wondrous change! With what respect and even veneration do we look upon them now! Whenever we see them we call to mind the sacred love and the wondrous price at which they have been purchased. When we behold one in his innocence, we can almost imagine we are in the presence, and can hear the breathing and the sighs of the Divine Child.

"Once, while our Lord was walking with His apostles, one of them sought to prevent the little children that flocked about Him from coming to Him; but He rebuked him, saying: 'Suffer the little children to come to Me, and forbid them not, the kingdom of heaven is for such.' And again He said: 'Unless you become like little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' In their angelic innocence and simplicity He finds His delights; He makes His home in their guileless hearts; He will remain forever the friend of children, as He was once their model.

"He turns away from pride, and pride cannot find Him. He refuses to make Himself known to the haughty Herod; the Divine Child has nothing in common with him. Further on, he said: The first among Christian educators was undoubtedly Fénelon. He made of a little monster, the Dauphin, a gentle, tractable, and worthy prince. What was it that wrought the change? It was the Christian meekness of the educator, it was humility, it was devotedness. But, after all, what was the secret of this devotedness? Ah! the teacher saw in his pupil a little brother of Christ. He saw the reflection of the Redeemer of the world. This furnished him with sufficient motive to exert himself to the utmost to eradicate the faults and implant virtues in the heart of his little charge.

"See what a power the devoted Christian educator holds! Impressed with the thought that he is training a little brother of the Infant Jesus, he is inspired with the strongest incentives to exertion. Here we have the difference between Christian and anti-Christian training. It begins with the teacher. How can he treat with indifference one who has a right to be called a brother of the Son of God?"

The Holy Name.

WRITTEN ON THE FEAST.

The holy Infancy doth rest
Upon the New Year's youthful breast,
As sometimes on the evening sky
Majestic clouds loom fair and high,
Enrobed in splendor of the sun,
Though day its happy course hath run:
Lingers, as if sweet Christmas-tide
Would longer in our hearts abide.

Epiphany's glad feast has pass'd,
But of the season dear the last
Is this when we commemorate
The Holy Name—the only great.
So Christmas shall be kept alive

In letters bright, the mystic five.
Five form our dear Lord's holy Name,
Five, too, shall spread Maria's fame:
Five wounds, forever open wide
Proclaim a Saviour crucified;
And as five words brought God to dwell
On earth and save the race from hell,*
So likewise do five words combine
And change the bread to Food Divine.†

Sweet Name of Jesus, in thy power
All blessing center, hour by hour,
In thee, lost Eden's joys revive
And live but in thy mystic five.

Piety, the Atmosphere of Feminine Virtue.

It is universally acknowledged that the influence of woman gives tone, character, and the real impress to society. This influence has asserted its supremacy in every age and nation. It has moulded the destinies of individuals, of empires and of the world itself. We hear it as a voice resounding from the threshold of creation, and the prevarication of Eve is the mournful cadence which murmurs at our feet on the desolate shores of the present. In more recent centuries we hear this influence echoing in the marsh command of a Semiramis on the warlike field of India. Later on we behold it drawing upon the invincible Mark Anthony, in the person of the Egyptian Queen Cleopatra, the odium and disdain of the entire world. On the other hand we observe the same powerful influence nerving the arm of Judith and liberating the oppressed Hebrews from the tyrant Holofernes; we find it cheering the Machabees on to a glorious martyrdom, and at last we see its glory reaching the zenith of its splendor in Mary the Mother of the Incarnate Wisdom and Truth.

But to bring the subject nearer home, we have but to recall the talisman which wakes to life the silent depths of the coldest heart: the thought of a dear mother's love. It is the winning tenderness of that love which instills solid principles of faith and virtue, and guards the plastic mind of the child against swerving from truth and right.

The powerful influence of which we speak, imparts a marvellous attractiveness to a loving sister's voice; it protects the inexperienced footsteps of youth from the alluring demon of intemperance and from the Ignis-fatuus of recklessness. The deadly power of the one and the false promises of the other can never reach a heart protected by the shield of a mother's love, or a devoted sister's affection; for there, virtue's restraints are too pure and strong.

How many a husband and father have been rescued from despondency and lifted from the abyss of despair, through the courage inspired by the cheering aid of a dear wife or by a loving daughter's fortitude.

But another picture presents itself—too sad for us to dwell upon—of hoary heads brought down in sorrow to the grave by the ingratitude of selfish, vain and unworthy wives or undutiful daughters; of youths who date their ruin from the moment when, perchance, a word of levity, a mocking smile from a trifling wife or sister, from one who should have been their guiding star of rectitude, had sealed their destiny of evil. Eternity alone will disclose the mournful record.

* *Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.*

† *Hoc est enim Corpus Meum.*

In scanning the pages of biography and history, we observe that wherever woman's influence is worthy and elevating, piety is invariably found to be the secret yet powerful medium of her prudence, her fidelity, her devotedness.

Blanche of Castile, who confessed that she would willingly have sacrificed her life for her son Louis, still declared "I would rather see you dead at my feet, than to know you had committed a mortal sin;" and the "kingliest of saints, and saintliest of kings, her son," never forgot this declaration of his pious mother.

No doubt it was to her influence that we owe the heroic virtues which elevated Louis IX, to the glorious dignity of a saint.

It was piety, likewise, in Joan of Arc, that caused her to risk all she held most dear to save her native land from the tyranny of England.

Our assertion that piety is the element in which all feminine virtues flourish, is borne out by the experience of all times and all persons; but let us not forget that in a fallen world innocence is an exotic, and that its native soil is paradise. We must ever cultivate its tender growth with most assiduous care.

What thoughtful solicitude is bestowed by the florist, in our severe climate, upon the rare and fragile tropical flower; no cold blast is permitted to chill its delicate tissues; he shields it from frosts and tempests; he exposes it to light, enriches the soil, and invites the sun to shed his most genial and invigorating beams, and at last the choice flower, indigenous to the tropics, finds a true, congenial home, beneath our cold wintry skies.

Innocence must be treated with the same thoughtful solicitude, or, like the frail exotic plant in the cold tempests of winter, it will perish. Piety is the only atmosphere in which innocence will live and flourish. But the soil, too, in which the virtues are planted must be carefully regarded: It must be enriched by industry and self-sacrifice the sunbeams of tranquil trust in God must bring out the delicate tints which speak of heaven, virtue's native land, and the chilling blasts of uncongenial association and trifling literature must be excluded from the exiled flower.

If it be true that "Piety is the only atmosphere in which feminine virtues flourish," how carefully should each young heart cherish the sacred deposit placed by heaven in her charge. If woman's influence for good or evil be so great as we are compelled to believe it is, who shall answer, should we be so unfortunate and unhappy as to prove recreant to our trust?

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," and those who deserve the least expect the greatest clemency of eternal mercy. Let us be wise, and tremble lest we be classed among the many unfaithful servants who have presumed too far; lest we hope to gain that to which our efforts have given us no title.

Let us see to it, that the atmosphere of our hearts be illumined, warmed and purified by the vivifying rays of the sun of piety, and we need fear no tempestuous sky nor threatening issues of impending storms.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPORTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses A. Cavenor, C. Claffey, E. Galen, S. Han-

bury, L. Pool, S. Walsh, M. Clarke, A. Dillon, M. Feehan, C. Bland, M. Campbell, E. Call, E. Chrischellis, A. Price, R. Fishburne, L. Lancaster, K. Wall, M. A. Ryan, A. Rasche, M. Simms, E. Shickey, H. Van Patten, L. Black, Etta Call, E. Keenan, M. Beal, M. Fishburne, A. Mowry, M. Call, Margaret Price, V. Reilly, E. Thompson, K. Fenlon, M. Flemming, M. Metzger, K. Mulligan, M. H. Ryan, M. Reutlinger, J. Owens, M. Behler, A. Castanedo, M. Green, J. Pampell, M. Eldridge, A. Ives, M. Mulvey, M. Watson. *2d Tablet*—Misses L. Fox, L. French, A. Nash, E. Nash, J. Barlow, E. Todd, M. Casey, J. Reilly, M. Newton, Maud.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses C. Ginz, C. Lancaster, H. Ramsey, J. Spangler, S. Semmes, A. Eiger, A. Clarke, M. Chirhart, M. Coogan, M. Dillon, M. Morgan, A. Martin, M. Paquette, F. Robertson, Fisk, W. Mosher, J. McGrath, E. Considine, M. Wilkins, M. Coyne, E. Mattis, M. Otero, M. Richardson, L. Robertson, D. Best, M. Otis. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Thomann, M. Rogers, P. Ewing, M. Schmidt.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par excellence—Misses E. Burtis, M. Barry, Martha Otis, M. Paul, E. Rigney, S. Campan, *2d Tablet*—N. Brown, A. Sawyer, S. McGrath, M. Castanedo.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses S. Hanbury, S. Walsh.
1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Clark, Dillon, Fox, Feehan,
2D SR. CLASS—Misses Bland, Beal, Edie Call, E. Chrischellis, R. Fishburne, L. Lancaster, A. Nash, E. Nash, Ave Price, A. Rasche, M. Simms, H. Van Patten, Wall.
3D SR. CLASS—Misses Black, Barlow, Butts, Casey, Etta Call, M. Call, M. Fishburne, Ginz, Keenan, C. Lancaster, Margaret Price, Ramsey, Rulison, Spangler, Semmes, Thompson.
1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Fenlon, Watson.
2D PREP.—Misses Behler, A. Castanedo, Clarke, Chirhart, M. Dillon, Morgan, Paquette, Eldridge, and Ives.
JUNIOR PREP.—Misses Ewing, Hibbins, McGrath, Welch.
1ST JR.—Misses Coyne, Campan, H. Castanedo, Chaves, Mattis, Rigney, Schmidt, Sawyer.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses Galen, and K. Lancaster.
2D DIV.—Misses Eeehan and Bland.
2D CLASS—Misses Cavenor, Reilly, A. Castanedo, Campbell, Morgan, Semmes, M. Castanedo, F. Castanedo.
3D CLASS—Misses J. Barlow, Edie Call, M. Clarke, A. Clarke.
4TH CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses A. Nash, S. Walsh, Etta Call, E. Nash, M. Beal.
5TH CLASS—Misses Chaves, Otero, Richmond, Sawyer.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Dillon, Ginz, Chrischellis, M. Behler, Thomann.
2D CLASS—Misses Reutlinger, Flemming, Casey, Butts, Chirhart.
3D CLASS—Misses Keenan, Call, Van Patten, Considine.

The Minim Department.

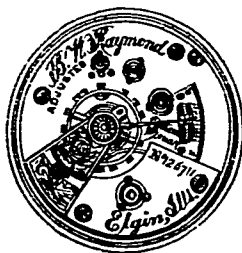
This is a separate Department in the Institution of Notre Dame, for boys under 13 years of age.

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